

# The Sketch.



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# The Sketch

No. 1151.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER  
CHARLES E. H. RATHBORNE.

SQUADRON-COMMANDER  
IVON T. COURTNEY.

SQUADRON-COMMANDER  
ARTHUR M. LONGMORE.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER  
CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE



WING-COMMANDER  
CHARLES R. SAMSON, D.S.O.

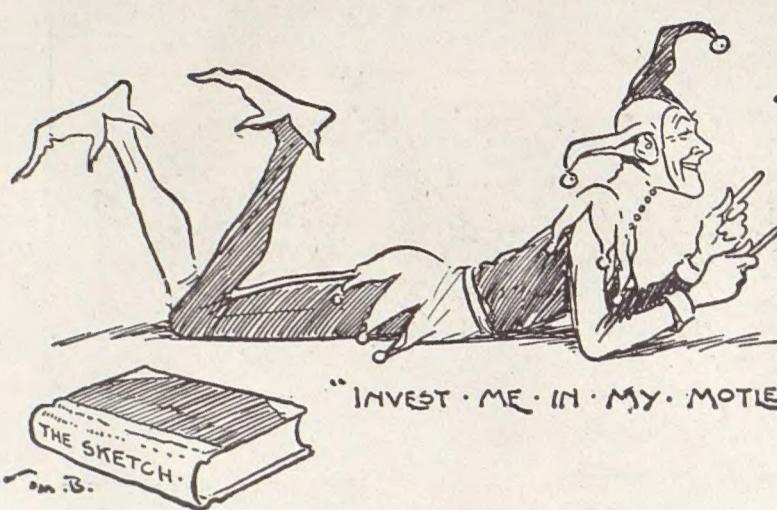


SQUADRON-COMMANDER  
JOHN C. PORTE.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE THIRTY-FOUR "WILD DUCKS": LEADERS OF THE BRITISH RAIDING-AIRMEN.

In the Admiralty account of the splendid raid made by thirty-four British naval aeroplanes and seaplanes on military points in the Bruges, Zeebrugge, Blankenbergh, and Ostend districts, with a view to preventing the development of submarine bases and establishments, it is said: "Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into the sea off Nieuport, and was rescued by a French vessel. . . . All pilots are safe. Two machines were damaged. The seaplanes and aeroplanes were under the command of Wing-Commander Samson, assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore, Squadron-Commanders, Porte, Courtney, and Rathborne. Squadron-Commander Rathborne, recently in command of the Felixstowe Air-Station, became an air-pilot in March 1913. Squadron-Commander Courtney, R.M.L.I., qualified as an airman in October 1912. Wing-Commander Longmore, who has been a pilot since 1911 and is a pioneer naval-flyer, won the Mortimer-Singer prize for the longest flight by a naval

marine officer with a passenger. This was in 1912; and the distance covered was 172 miles. Flight-Commander Grahame-White, so well known at Hendon, and for other services to flying joined the Royal Naval Air Service when war broke out. He was one of the first to be interested in bomb-dropping from the air. Wing-Commander Samson, who has done splendid work at the front, particularly in armoured motor-car raids, has, it is said, a German price of £1000 upon his head. He began to fly in 1911, and in the following year made the first successful aeroplane flight from a British war-ship. Squadron-Commander Porte, son of the Vicar of St. Matthew's, Denmark Hill, became a pilot in 1911. He retired from the Navy in 1913. In August last he was appointed to the Royal Naval Air Service. In the latest Navy List Squadron-Commander Rathborne is given as Flight-Commander not as in the official despatch; and Wing-Commander Longmore is Squadron-Commander."



Friendship  
Indeed!

If anything further had been needed to convince the rulers of Germany of the splendid cordiality existing between France, Russia, and England, the now famous picture of M. Bark (Russia), M. Ribot (France), and Mr. Lloyd George (Great Britain) sitting at a table with pieces of quite white blotting-paper in front of them would have supplied it. There is a subtlety in that picture which might escape an Asiatic, but must have made a deep impression on every European. I do not refer to the splendour of the apartment in which the three financiers are conferring; that goes without saying. I do not refer to the fact that they are agreeing to pool the financial resources of the three great countries they represent; that goes without saying. I do not refer to the charming smile reflected from face to face; that goes without saying. I do not even refer to the transparent whiteness of the blotting-paper, which is not only symbolic of the intentions of the financiers, but also indicates the needlessness of writing anything down at all; that goes without saying.

The subtlety of that picture, of course, lies in the fact that M. Bark is looking as much as possible like a Frenchman, M. Ribot might certainly be mistaken for a grand old English gentleman, whilst Mr. Lloyd George has actually had his hair and moustache severely clipped, so that anyone would suppose that he was a Russian diplomat who had spent a great many years in France. A charming idea!

**The  
"Providence."**

Another picture that should go down to fame is the photograph of the crew of the Brixham fishing-vessel *Providence*, taken immediately after their interview with the King at Buckingham Palace. There they stand, with the Park railings and the leafless trees for a background, the heroic four whose valour in saving seventy men of the *Formidable* in the teeth of a terrific gale sent a thrill through the Empire. William Carter, Captain Pillar, John Clark, and Daniel Taylor—those are the names. William Carter is certainly the "nuttiest" of the four. He has his feet apart, and his knees braced back, a cigarette between his fingers—fancy having the nerve to light a cigarette immediately after an interview with the King of England!—and his right hand in his trouser-pocket. I picture William Carter among the girls of Brixham, when he returns with that medal dangling from the lapel of his coat.

The other three look very gentle fellows—such fellows "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." That is why sailors are generally modest; they know the insignificance of man when he pits himself against the terrific might and vastness of the elements. Yet these four did that, and because their cause was just they brought those seventy sailors safe to harbour. Jingle your golden sovereigns, William Carter, Captain Pillar, John Clark, and Daniel Taylor! Stand the boys a drink and the girls a trinket, and then go each man and put the bulk of the money into his own boat. Such little craft, I think, will bear charmed lives—

To look up and not down,  
To look forward and not back,  
To look out and not in, and  
To lend a hand.

**Miss Elsie Janis.** I am glad to read in one of my daily papers that Miss Elsie Janis is back in London. She is the kind of person that London needs at this moment. One

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD  
(*"Chicot."*)

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"



observes Londoners much more accurately when one is not living in their midst, and I have observed, during the last month or two, that Londoners are getting rather bored with the war. I do not mean for one instant that their back-bones are any less stiff: Britishers acquired the winning habit centuries ago, and habits are stubborn things. There is not an old gentleman of eighty in this country but would feel aggrieved if he were not called upon should the necessity arise. But the Londoner is getting a little impatient, I fancy, which may be a bad thing for him, but is more likely to be a bad thing for the Germans. He may insist on conscripting everybody up to fifty, married or single, in which case we shall roll across the Channel in our ten millions and simply trample the Germans out of recognition.

In the meantime, whilst we are waiting for that great call, Elsie Janis will do us good. She is well balanced, mentally as well as physically. She has a smile that would hearten any nation. And I have never seen anyone glide into a dance quite so easily and lovingly since the great Eugene Stratton won my admiration twenty or more years ago.

**The Little  
Triplet.**

A correspondent asks me, apropos of my poor attempts last week, for the rules that govern the writing of the triplet. According to Mr. Austin Dobson, who has himself written some very delightful triplets, the triplet consists of eight lines with two rhymes. The first pair of lines are repeated as the seventh and eighth, while the first is repeated as the fourth.

"Few things," says Mr. Gleeson White, in his Introduction to "Ballades and Rondeaus," "are more simple than to write a triplet—of a sort—yet the triplet affords so little space to explain its motif, and within its five lines must tell its story, and also carry the three other repeated ones easily, and with a definite meaning. To introduce the refrain naturally as the only thing to say, and yet with an air of freshness and an unexpected recognition of a phrase heard before, is in itself no mean difficulty, even in the ballade and rondeau; but when it comes three times in eight lines, and has a second line attached to it on its first and last appearance, it is a matter of small wonder that the successful triplets are not very numerous."

**One Bad and  
One Good.**

All of which inspires me to ask—

Can't you write a triplet?

'Pon my soul, there's nothing in it.

Take a pen and make it wet—

Can't you write a triplet?

(Two rhymes only, don't forget).

You'll be saying in a minute,

Can't you write a triplet?

'Pon my soul, there's nothing in it."

So much for my bad one. Here is Mr. Dobson's good one—

Oh, Love's but a dance,

Where Time plays the fiddle!

See the couples advance—

Oh, Love's but a dance!

A whisper, a glance—

"Shall we twirl down the middle?"

Oh, Love's but a dance,

Where Time plays the fiddle!

LOOK, LEARN, AND SEEK THE CELLAR!

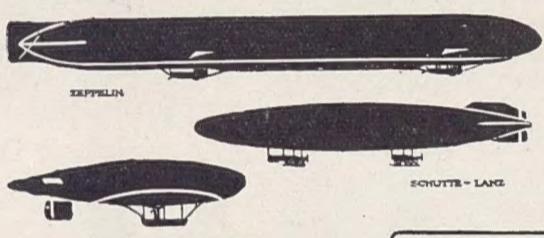
# PUBLIC WARNING

The public are advised to familiarise themselves with the appearance of British and German Airships and Aeroplanes, so that they may not be alarmed by British aircraft, and may take shelter if German aircraft appear. **Should hostile aircraft be seen, take shelter immediately** in the nearest available house, preferably in the basement, and remain there until the aircraft have left the vicinity: do not stand about in crowds and do not touch unexploded bombs.

In the event of **HOSTILE** aircraft being seen in country districts, the nearest Naval, Military or Police Authorities should, if possible, be advised immediately by Telephone of the **TIME OF APPEARANCE**, the **DIRECTION OF FLIGHT**, and whether the aircraft is an **Airship** or an **Aeroplane**.

## GERMAN

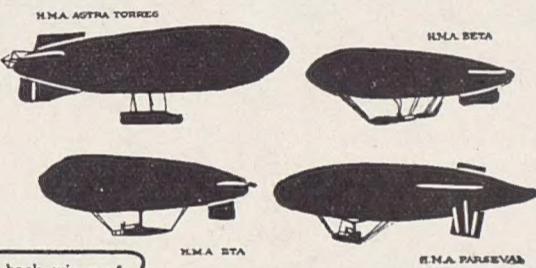
### AIRSHIPS



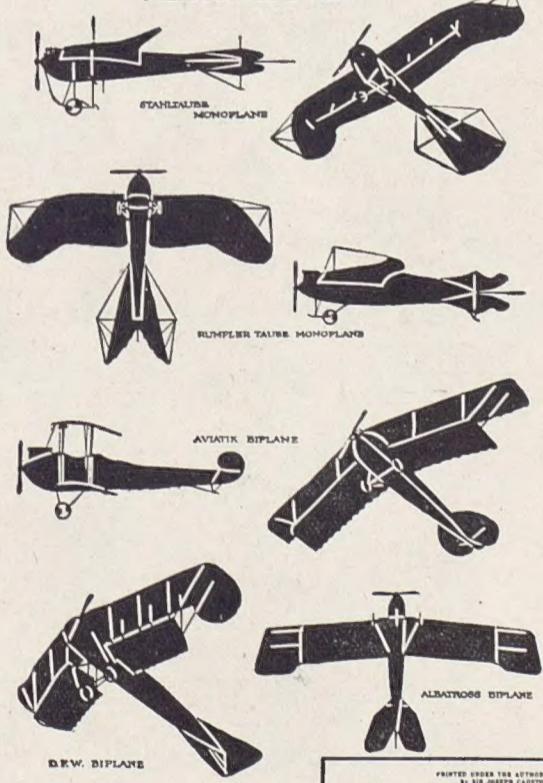
Note specially the shape of the Airships  
and the position of the passenger cars

## BRITISH

### AIRSHIPS

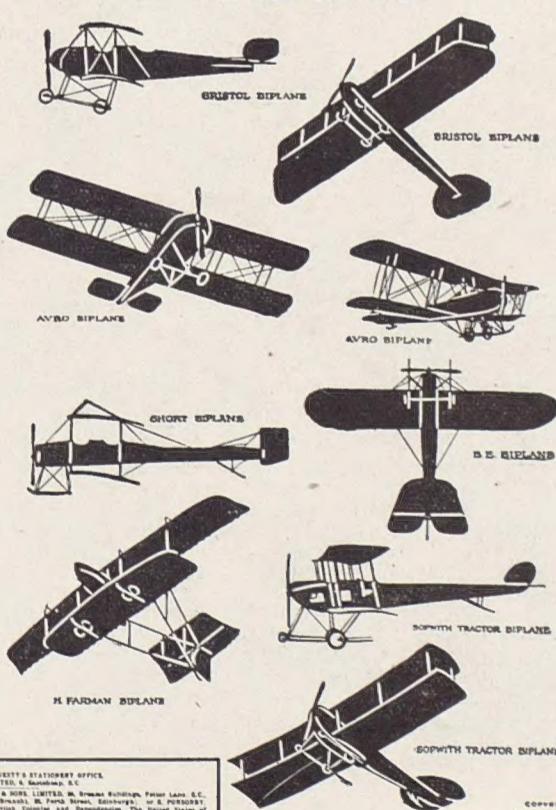


## AEROPLANES



Note specially the sloped-back wings of  
the German Aeroplanes

## AEROPLANES



"NOTE SPECIALLY": THE OFFICIAL BRITISH POSTER DESIGNED TO TEACH THE PUBLIC TO DISTINGUISH  
BETWEEN ENEMY AND FRIENDLY AIRCRAFT.

It is a truism that it is always the unknown which is the most alarming, and the issue of a poster of diagrams enabling the public to discriminate between British and German air-craft is a judicious step on the part of the authorities. By a glance at the chart of which we give a reproduction, the public will be able to judge whether a sighted air-ship or aeroplane is an enemy or a friend;

whether it is desirable to seek the suggested shelter, or send off the suggested intimation, in case of the approach of hostile air-craft, or to enjoy an additional sense of security in the knowledge that our own splendid and intrepid air-craft service is on the alert. The advice not to touch unexploded bombs is particularly practical, a tribute to the power of curiosity!

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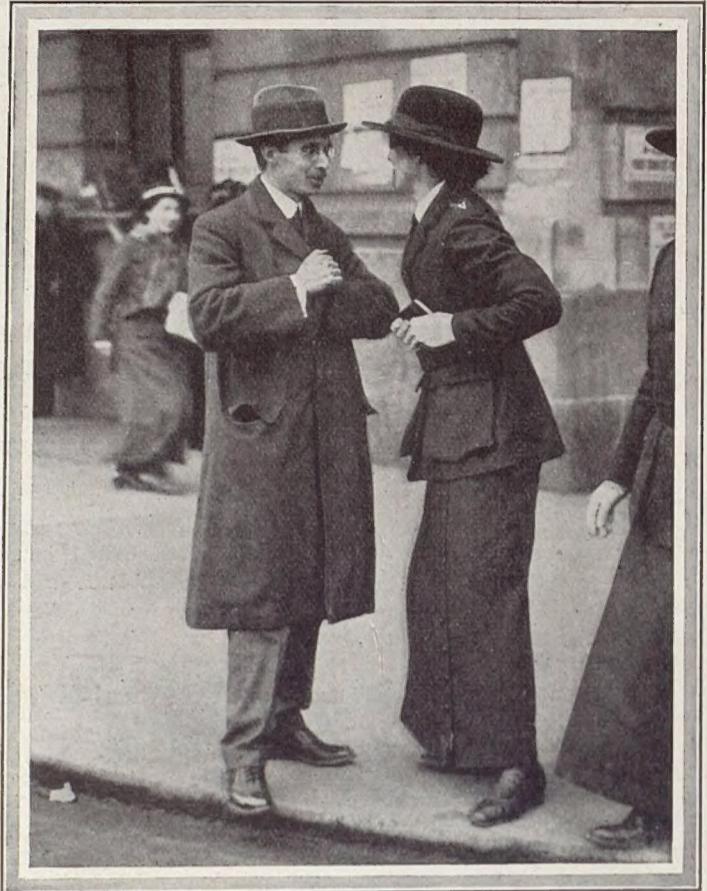
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## SIGNS OF THE TIMES: WAR INFLUENCE—HERE AND THERE!



WEARING A "TEDDY-BEAR" FUR-COAT FROM THE TRENCHES : MISS IRENE DILLON PHOTOGRAPHED AS A WOUNDED "TOMMY" DESIRED HER TO BE THAT HE MIGHT HAVE A PORTRAIT OF HER IN THIS GARB.



USED TO "STUFF" GERMANY : A PHOTOGRAPH OF A WOMAN POLICE-CONSTABLE VOLUNTEER, PUBLISHED IN GERMANY WITH A STATEMENT THAT WOMEN ARE ACTING AS POLICE IN LONDON FOR LACK OF MEN !



LORD KITCHENER AS ORNAMENT FOR A LADY'S GARTER !  
PATRIOTIC FERVOUR IN ITS LATEST FORM.

In our first photograph, Miss Irene Dillon, who is playing principal girl in the pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, is wearing a British Army "Teddy-Bear" fur-coat sent to her by a wounded Tommy, who asked her to be photographed in it that he might have a copy of such a photograph. Each coat is made of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  goat-skins. Each skin costs 4s. 6d., and the price for the making-up of the coat is 5s. 1d. There can be but few goat-skins left in this country, or it is more than likely that we should find women wearing adaptations of the winter trench-coat; already there



ADMIRAL JELLCOE AS ORNAMENT FOR A LADY'S GARTER !  
PATRIOTIC FERVOUR IN ITS LATEST FORM.

are signs of a desire to do so.—The second photograph was published in Germany with a statement that England is so short of men that it is necessary to employ women to police London! In point of fact, of course, the photograph shows a member of the Women Police Constable Volunteers, an unofficial body.—The third and fourth photographs show an idea which may—or may not—become fashionable—ladies' garters bearing in their centre miniatures of such popular heroes as Lord Kitchener and Sir John Jellicoe.—[Photographs by C.N. and Stone.]

## SIGHT FOR THE HIDDEN SOLDIER: THE TRENCH "PERISCOPE."



1



3



4



5

1. EXACTLY AS IF DIRECTLY VIEWING A DISTANT SCENE: HOW BINOCULARS CAN SERVE EFFECTIVELY WITH THE HYPOSCOPE.

2. FOR LOOKING ROUND A CORNER: THE HYPOSCOPE APPLIED HORIZONTALLY FROM BEHIND A TREE.

3. WHAT A PEEP OVER THE TOP WOULD REVEAL: THE PICTURE THAT THE OBSERVER SEES.

4. KEEPING THE ENEMY UNDER OBSERVATION FROM A WINDOW: A SCOUT ON THE WATCH WITH THE HYPOSCOPE.

5. WHEN AN INTERVENING OBSTACLE IS HIGH: HOW A PAIR OF LOOK-OUTS CAN DO THEIR WORK.

The hyposcope (the landsman's periscope) has come into universal employment at the front. As efficient and compact a pattern as any is seen here in use—that constructed by Mr. C. Baker, optician, of High Holborn. The instrument in question is handy and portable, folding up in a form easily carried on a man's back. The hyposcope was first applied practically in the shape of the submarine periscope. Some

of the ways in which the military periscope (the hyposcope) renders service in war we see above. It proves at the same time—we have the testimony of "Eye-Witness" to that—a life-saving apparatus. An inclined mirror facing an opening at the object end takes in the external view and reflects into a mirror inclined at a corresponding angle, and facing the eye-slit at the other end, through which the observer sees the picture.

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

M R. VACHELL'S new play, "Searchlights," will be welcome at the Savoy, for the mere fact that it is not a revival. The critics are having rather an overdose in the revivals of plays which, as a rule, do not deserve disentombment. The popular novelist not unnaturally tries to bring the great war into his new comedy, but one notices that very few changes, none essential, would have to be made to write the work without the aid of the present cataclysm, which, indeed, does not figure till the last of the three acts. I gather from the title that the war is supposed to cast a searchlight into human souls, lighting up their secret places, causing their owners to know themselves, and, consequently, to try and improve themselves. No doubt there is truth in this; but I do not see the actual operation in the play upon the central figure, Robert Blaine, the taciturn, strong, rich man of drama, whose relations with his wife are unpleasantly affected by the fact that he guesses, quite correctly, that Master Harry Blaine, whose board, lodging, and debts he pays, is not his own son, although the offspring of his wife. One may doubt whether even the effect of the war would be to make husband and wife live comfortably together after she has been forced to confess the ugly truth about her infidelity. However, it is unnecessary to probe this kind of play, which relied for success—and, apparently, has got it—upon the author's cleverness in story-telling, lively dialogue, and skilful use of stage situations. The audience enjoyed the work, and was quite delighted by the comic figure of the elderly German, Sir Adalbert Schmaltz, who, on the outbreak of war, became a fierce Anglophil; he was very cleverly presented by Mr. Holman Clark. Mr. H. B. Irving, of course, was the Robert Blaine—a sort of Norman McKinnel character—and gave a really strong, able piece of acting, with the kind of "If I were only to let myself go" note that is very impressive. Miss Fay Davis acted with much charm and skill as the guilty wife—somehow it was rather hard to believe that she really had been guilty. Miss Margery Maude played prettily as the daughter of Schmaltz, though I fancy there ought to have been some kind of hint of the Teutonic origin, for her father was very German. Mr. Reginald Owen handled his love-scene very well, but in the earlier acts his manner made one wonder that the stern father did not kick him out.

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE FAVOURITES OF AN EMPRESS.\*

"Figgey"  
Becomes  
Grand Duchess.

When the Princess Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst was born, it would have required the skill of a Court composed of Mme. Thèbes' to have predicted truly her remarkable future. Her reputed father—scandal-mongers have expressed doubts as to her parentage—was a mere princeling; her mother was bright, clever, and over-ambitious, but at times foolish; she herself was looked upon as something of an Ugly Duckling. As a result of all this, "Figgey" was brought up simply, played with the children of the townspeople of Stettin, was not called by her rank, and had her imperious nature curbed by being made to kiss the hem of the garments of distinguished lady visitors to the house. Then came a change, before she was fifteen: the Empress Elizabeth chose her to be the Consort of the heir-apparent to the Russian Throne. In due course, she was wed—not willingly, for though young as she was, she realised her destiny, she was never in love with her future husband, who, seemingly, preferred his dolls to her, and, before the marriage, was made unrecognisable by small-pox.

The Lover Who  
Forgot Siberia.

That, coupled with other circumstances, doubtless led Catherine—so she was christened when she was received into the Orthodox Greek Church—to, might one say, cultivate, favourites. Saltykov was credited with being the first, but possibly, even probably, without cause, although there were those who asserted that he was the father of Catherine's son, Paul; but, then, there were others who called that same Paul son of Elizabeth! Count Stanislaus Poniatovski was another affair. He seems to have been "supplied" by Alexander Narishkin, Gentleman of the Chamber. He risked a *billet-doux* the reply to which was handed him by Narishkin, and Poniatovski commented eloquently and picturesquely: "Thereupon I forgot that there was a Siberia." Catherine gave her love unreservedly; but after little more than a year there was a parting: he spoke indiscreetly of the Court of Dresden, and had to leave St. Petersburg because it insisted. Then came a return, with Poniatovski as Minister-Plenipotentiary of the Polish Republic. Risks were run. Catherine, in male attire, would leave the palace by private stairs, enter her lover's sledge, and drive with him to his residence; there was an interview between him and the Grand Duke Peter—Catherine's husband. And in the end, the Grand Duke, his mistress, Catherine, and Poniatovski used to meet at supper-parties for four! All this ended when Poniatovski was expelled the country.

Orloff; and the  
Decree of Silence.

The next favourite was Gregory Orloff, one of the subalterns appointed to attend, and watch, Count Schwerin, Aide-de-Camp to the King of Prussia and prisoner of war. Handsome, of proved courage, famed for his high play and his gallantries, he interested Catherine at once. Further, he could be trusted, and just at that moment Catherine was in sore need of a counsellor and a soldier. Practically, Orloff and his brother Alexis set her on the throne, and it is the verdict of history that Peter III. died, not naturally, as Catherine has told, but at the hand of Alexis. Gregory, the *beau sabreur*, aspired to seat himself by the side of his mistress on the throne of Russia. Catherine thought otherwise: her favourite was not a statesman. Yet Orloff lacked merely the name of Emperor. His Sovereign was most devoted and complaisant, winked at his numerous infidelities, loaded him with honours and benefactions. But he was illiterate, while she was intellectual; and her interest waned. This despite a state of things which set so many tongues going that the Empress caused to be issued "an edict enjoining her subjects to refrain from scandalous talk and to keep silence. It was called the Decree of Silence. It was read in all the towns of the Empire and heralded by beat of drum, and it set the tongues wagging more than ever."

Potemkin; and  
the Rest.

Orloff's successor was Vassiltchikoff, a Lieutenant in the Horse Guards. His reign was not long. Next enter the famous one-eyed Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin, whose astuteness seemed to increase with his power. In two years, the luxuries of the position of favourite had palled upon him and he shook himself free—a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. But he continued, if not favourite, the fount of favour—introducing to Catherine, in turn, Zavadovsky, a secretary; the Serbian Adonis, Zoritch; Korsakoff, a Guardsman; Lanskoy, another Guardsman, who died, some say, from poison given at Potemkin's command, and for whom the Empress wore widow's weeds; Yermoloff, who became a "white nigger" to Potemkin; Momonoff, a Captain in the Guards; and Platon Zuboff, Lieutenant in the Horse Guards, the last of the favourites, and the vainest and most insolent. A strange and motley gathering!—For the rest, we must add that we have chosen to deal with but a single phase of Mr. Brayley Hodgetts' work, and must hasten to point out that the book is by no means a *chronique scandaleuse*—it is, in fact, a most entertaining history of a most remarkable woman, her times, her surroundings, and her reign, a study which is as thorough as it is engrossing. It can but add to its author's reputation, which is already high and well known.

\* "The Life of Catherine the Great of Russia." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (Methuen 16s. net.)

**THE ATTITUDE OF THE GRAND SENUSSI : WAR, ANCIENT AND MODERN : THE SON OF GARIBALDI.****The Invasion of Egypt.**

of a desert march. bringing even 12,000 men across the desert with bridging material and boats. That they did succeed in doing this was all to the British advantage, for the rout of this army is sufficiently important for news of it to find its way into all the Eastern bazaars, and will strengthen the pro-British convictions of any of the Arab tribes who have been sitting on the fence waiting to see what progress the Turks could make.

**The Sheikh of the Senussi.**

Turkish débâcle, and when Turkey definitely joined the German Confederation the Sheikh took down the Turkish flags from the tents of his tribe, declaring that he had always been good friends with Egypt and the Egyptian Government, and that he was not going to war against Egypt at the bidding of the Germans. Since the Turkish failure on the Canal, he has arrested some agitators who have been attempting to stir up his people against the British, and it would seem as though the general Arab opinion is that Turkey, by allying herself to Christian nations, has forfeited the right to call Mohammedans to a sacred war.

**The Macedonian Phalanx.**

It is curious how, in a war in which so many new machines of destruction have come into play—notably flying-machines, air-ships, and submarines—so many old methods of warfare have been revived. The formation in which Von Hindenburg's troops made their attacks in Poland is almost identical with the Macedonian phalanx, which, in the days of Alexander the Great, was looked upon as a formation that could not be broken. The Macedonian phalanx at its best consisted of 16,000 splendidly trained spearmen, who charged or resisted the attack in a line sixteen deep. They were the backbone of Alexander's army, and light troops and cavalry operated with them.

**Hand-Grenades and Bayonets.**

The Allies and the Germans both are making great use of hand-grenades, which the modern rifle was supposed to have put out of use for ever; and the bayonet—which, after the Boer War, was considered an obsolete weapon—is in constant use to-day in clearing the trenches. Even an elephant, an animal which has not been seen on a European battlefield since the days of Hannibal, has now been impressed for warlike purposes by the Germans, for one of the great beasts, sent from a German menagerie, is now

The first Turkish attempt against the line of the Suez Canal has ended exactly as was predicted by everyone who knows the difficulties

The wonder was that the Turks succeeded in the British advantage, for the rout of this army is sufficiently important for news of it to find its way into all the Eastern bazaars, and will strengthen the pro-British convictions of any of the Arab tribes who have been sitting on the fence waiting to see what progress the Turks could make.

The most important of these Arab tribes are the Senussi. Their Sheikh, Sidi Ahmed, the Grand Senussi, has from the first foreseen the

working at Valenciennes carrying wood to be used in the fortifications that are being erected there.

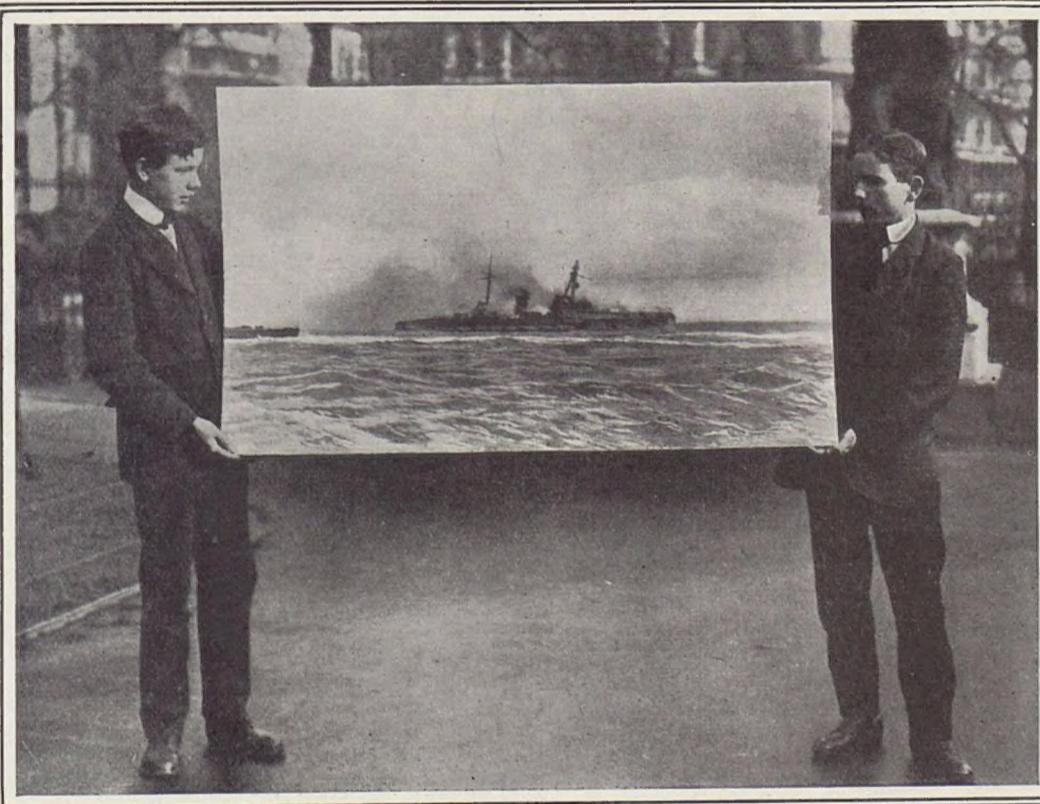
**L.C.C.  
Rifle-Ranges.**

The L.C.C. are asking for powers to make rifle-ranges in the parks and in other open places which are under their control. This is an excellent move, for most men to-day, whether they be gentle or simple, are thinking more of rifle-shooting than of playing football or cricket. Of course, the L.C.C. will take every step to safeguard the public, and the ranges will be either ranges for miniature-rifle shooting or such ranges as the Swiss make for every village, in which any wild shooting by beginners is checked by an avenue of wooden baulks forming almost a tunnel, which catch any bullets not going in the right direction of the targets. Most of the miniature rifle-ranges in and near London are now continually in use, and I know of one corps at least of the Home Guards who are trying to find

a place for their rifle-practice, and have not as yet succeeded. To such a corps, and I have no doubt that there are many other corps in like case, the L.C.C. rifle-ranges would come as a real boon.

**The Day of the "75."**

The day of the "75" in Paris was a huge success—as great a success, indeed, as the Alexandra Rose Day has been in London in peaceful years. The money obtained by the pretty girls who sold the "75" mementos is to go to the families of French soldiers who need some help. There were three mementos of the "75" sold—a Tricolour flag with a vignette of the celebrated gun upon it, a silver medal with an effigy of the cannon,



A FIVE-FOOT-LONG PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "BLÜCHER" SINKING: AS ORDERED FOR ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

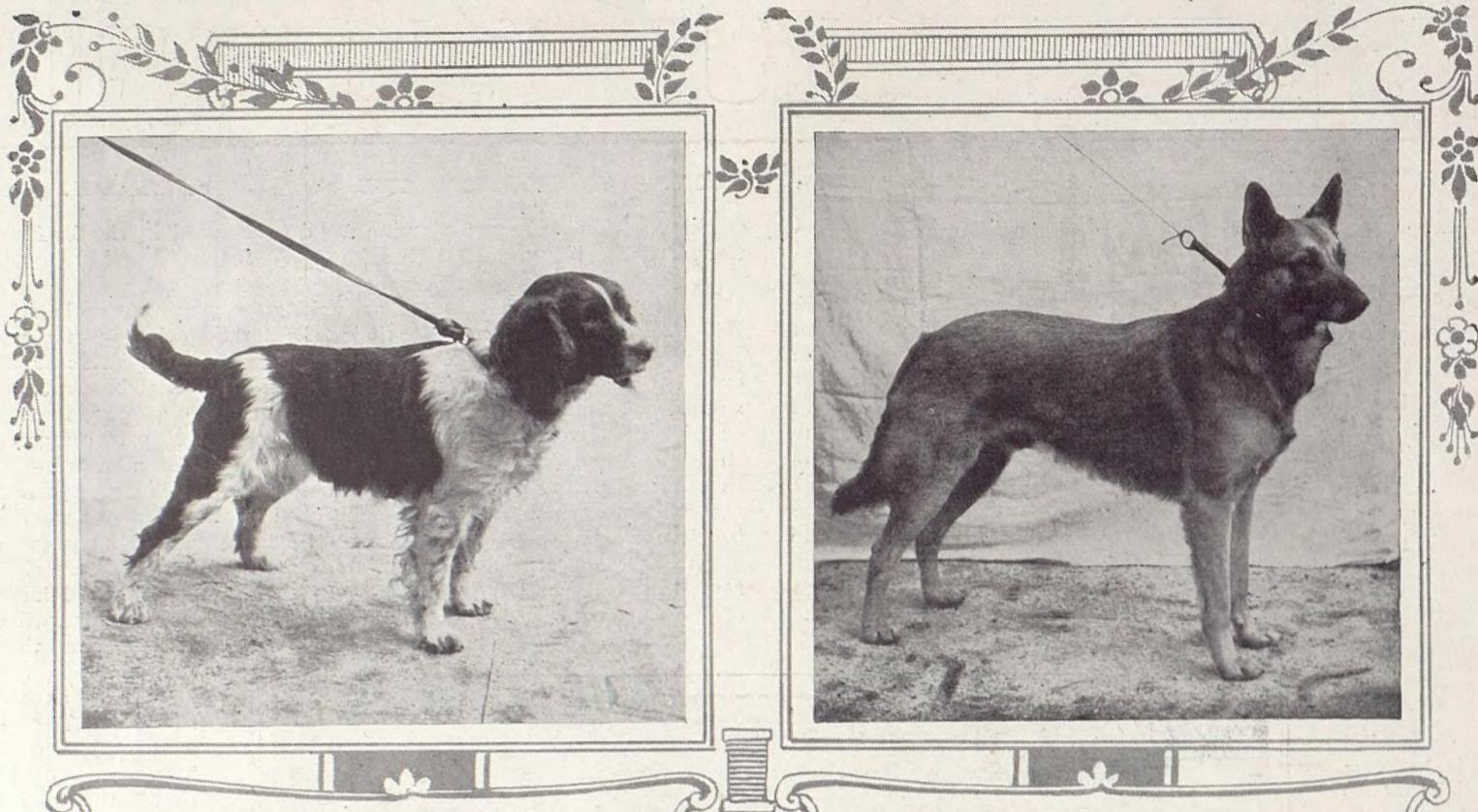
The famous photograph of the sinking "Blücher," taken during the North Sea battle, and published in the "Illustrated London News," has naturally an immense interest for the Navy. One British war-ship has ordered a five-foot long enlargement, the proportions of which are indicated above. We may add that copies on a less colossal scale—20 inches by 11½ inches—on stiff mounts, may be had on application to "L.S.P." "Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. The price for that size is 7s. 6d., with 6d. for postage.

and a little model of the cannon itself. I am quite sure that we in England would willingly buy some of these mementos if a consignment of them were sent across the Channel.

**General Ricciotti Garibaldi.**

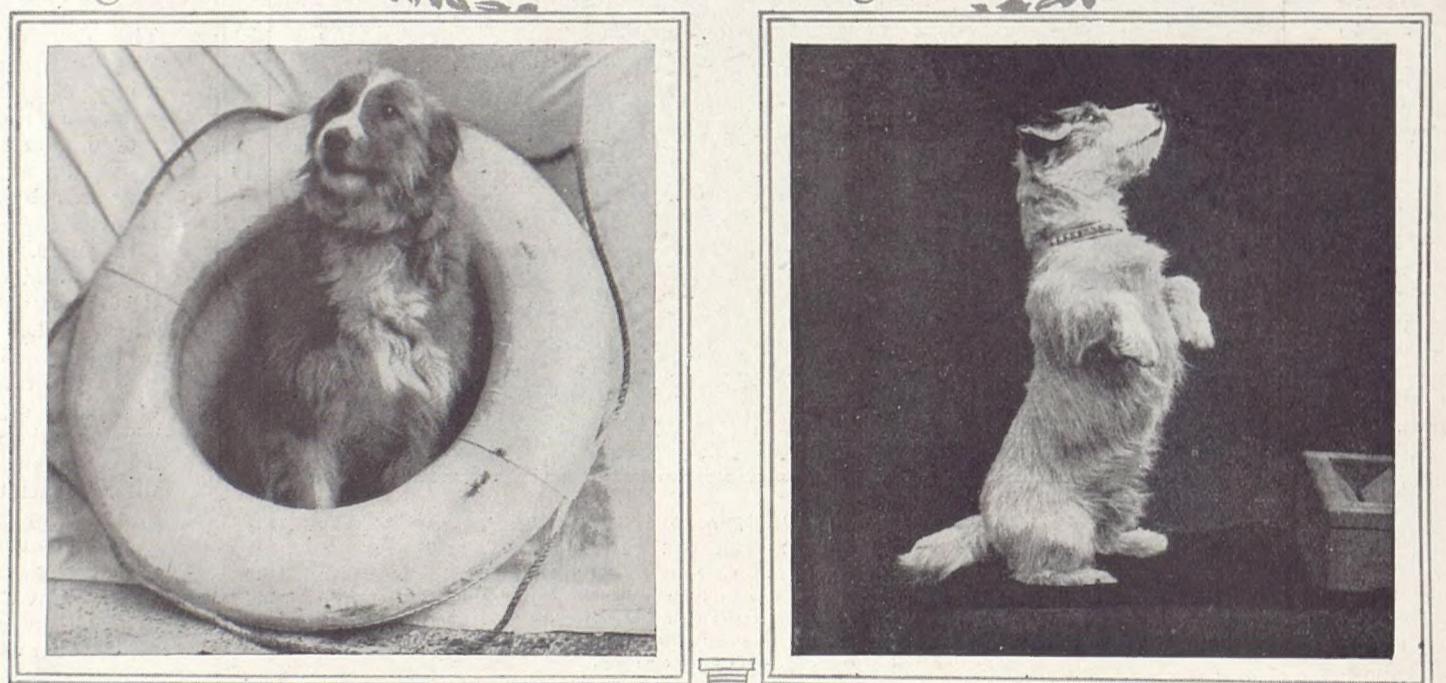
I read that General Ricciotti Garibaldi, who has paid a visit to Paris, has come over to England. Now that he has crossed the Channel, he will receive here as warm a welcome as did his father, the great patriot. I am old enough to remember the visit to England of the man who did so much to bring unity to Italy, and can recall especially the great crowds that rushed alongside his carriage whenever he drove out to pay a visit. General Ricciotti Garibaldi has done much for France, for he fought on her side in the great war of 1870, and it was his brigade which, in January 1871, captured the flag of the 8th Pomeranian Regiment, one of the few German flags captured in that campaign. He is too old a man, and too crippled, to fight in the present war, but he has sent six sons to fight for France in the Italian Brigade, two of whom, Bruno and Constantino, have fallen on the field of honour.

## FOUR-FOOTED D.C.M.s: CANINE HEROES AND A HEROINE.



WORTHY OF A MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE: WUBBLES, A SPANIEL, OF BOGNOR, WHO SWAM OUT TO TWO YOUNG FRENCHMEN IN DANGER OF DROWNING WHILE BATHING, AND DRAGGED ONE OF THEM ASHORE.

A BELGIAN REFUGEE FROM MALINES: TONY—A TYPE OF THE DOGS EMPLOYED IN THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN ARMIES FOR FINDING WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD AND GUIDING HELP TO THEM.



A FOUR-FOOTED HEROINE OF THE "FORMIDABLE" DISASTER: LASSIE, OF THE PILOT BOAT HOTEL, LYME REGIS, WHO REVIVED ONE OF THE CREW BROUGHT ASHORE THERE AND BELIEVED TO HAVE DIED FROM EXPOSURE.

A LIFE-SAVER BY GIVING AN ALARM OF FIRE, AND A COLLECTOR OF FUNDS FOR SENDING COMFORTS TO THE TROOPS AT THE FRONT: JAMES—A SEALYHAM TERRIER, WELL KNOWN AT STAMFORD.

A popular exhibit at Cruft's Dog Show, which opened at the Agricultural Hall on the 10th, was the collection of canine heroes and heroines. Of those on this page, Wubbles, who belongs to Dr. A. Conder, of Bognor, saw two young Frenchmen in difficulties while bathing at Felpham, drew his master's attention to them, and then swam out, dived, and brought one ashore. James, a Sealyham terrier belonging to Miss A. G. Richardson, of Stamford, saved his mistress and her household by giving an alarm of fire. He has since collected over £12 for socks for the troops. Tony, of Malines, is one of the dogs used in France and Belgium for military and police

purposes. They find wounded soldiers, bring back something belonging to them, such as a cap, to the base, and then take help back to the wounded man. Lassie, a cross-bred collie belonging to Mrs. M. Atkins, of the Pilot Boat Hotel, Lyme Regis, saved the life of Able Seaman Cowan, of H.M.S. "Formidable," one of the boat-load of survivors who came ashore there. He had been given up for dead and laid on the floor, but the dog lay down beside him and licked his face. The warmth of the dog's body against his heart and the constant licking set the circulation going and revived him.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

AS IT IS TOO OFTEN!



NEW RECRUIT: Lumme, Bill! Here's an officer! What are we supposed to do?  
SECOND DITTO.: I dunno. Let's cut him dead!

DRAWN BY ALFRED KREITE.

## THE FOOTBALL BATTALION : A GERMAN IDEA OF IT.



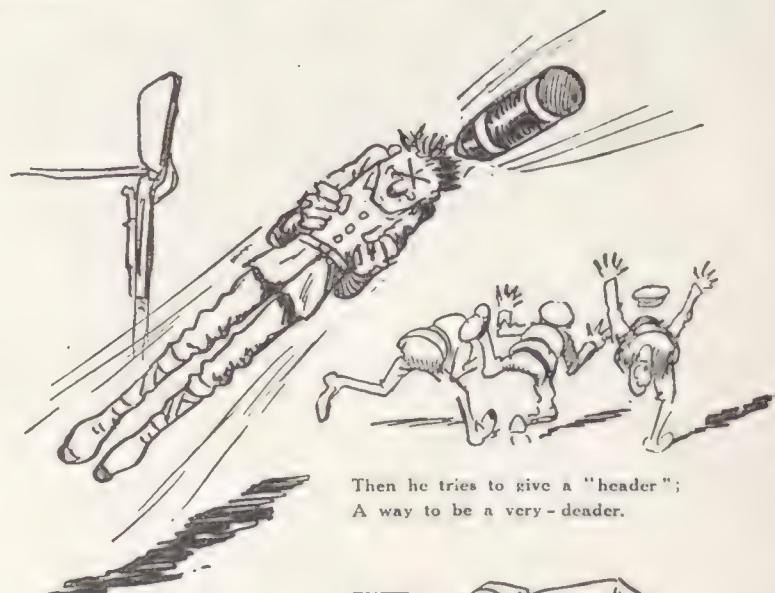
Tommy, marching to the trenches,  
Sees a kettle left by Frenchies.



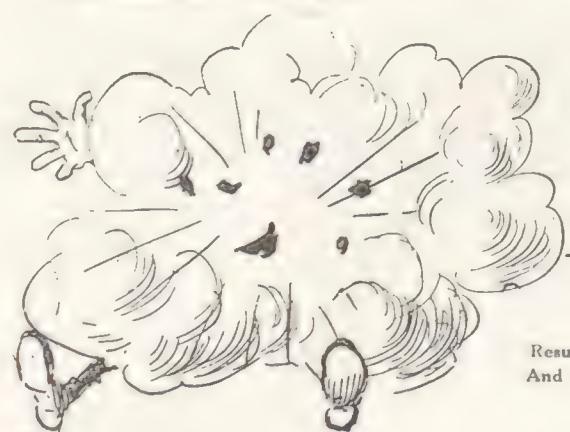
Now football's ever his first thought :  
For that's the only thing he's taught.



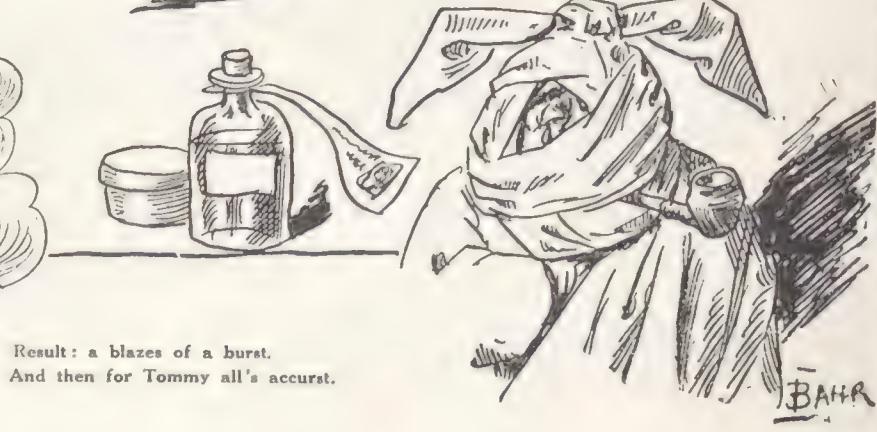
So when a shell comes from a Krupp,  
Our Tommy thinks to pick it up !



Then he tries to give a "header";  
A way to be a very-deader.



Result: a blazes of a burst.  
And then for Tommy all's accurst.



—BAHR

SUCH IS FAME! THE ENEMY LAUGHS AT OUR SPORTING SOLDIERS.

The fame of the Football Battalion has spread to Germany. Here is the terrible result — from an enemy paper — with the descriptions freely translated.

## AMONG OUR AIDES: HELPERS OF THE COUNTRY'S CAUSE.



A POPULAR JOCKEY IN THE ROYAL FUSILIERS: MR. STANLEY WOOTTON.



THE ALLIES' BAND—LED BY THE MISSES ETHEL AND WINIFRED REDWOOD DAUGHTERS OF SIR BOVERTON REDWOOD.



A BLIND V.C. WHO HAS GONE TO THE FRONT: CAPTAIN E. B. B. TOWSE, V.C.



"I WANT 1000 MEN": MR. HARRY LAUDER WITH THE PIPE BAND HE HAS ORGANISED TO STIMULATE RECRUITING IN THE NORTH.

Mr. Stanley Wootton, brother to that remarkable and popular jockey, Frank Wootton, and himself known as a jockey and, latterly, as a trainer, has received a commission in the Royal Fusiliers.—The "Hampstead Allies' Band," led by Miss Ethel Redwood (on the right), daughter of Sir Boerton Redwood, Bt., Government Adviser on Petroleum, and her sister, Miss Winifred Redwood (left, back), is doing kindly work by giving variety entertainments for soldiers' and sailors' wives, and the wounded.—Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., formerly of the Gordon Highlanders, who won his

Cross and lost his sight in the South African War, is setting a moving example of patriotic spirit. He has gone to the front to typewrite letters for soldiers.—Mr. Harry Lauder (in plain clothes in front) has organised, with War Office sanction, a pipe band for touring Scotland and the North of England, to stimulate recruiting. This appeal is issued: "I want 1000 Men. Our country calls for the best that is in us. Anything we can do let us do it voluntarily and without force. Don't let the spirits of the glorious past laugh us to disaster.—Harry Lauder."



# IN THE GREAT WORLD

## LORD GLAMIS.

**W**OUNDED: Glamis, Major P., Lord, Black Watch." All the other casualties reported in the same day's paper were dated; Lord Glamis is without date, place, or condition. He is wounded, neither more nor less—the more or less, that is, being left to the imagination. The fact that the War Office is able to give in the same list fuller particulars of Private Hickson, of the Worcestershires, and Private Gear, of the South Staffordshires—to take two names in a hundred—than they are able to give of the wounded officer brings home to one a sense of the democratic ordering of persons and events under the Red Cross. The Army, of course, exists only on the principle of superiority and inferiority; but the bullet that kills re-establishes a dead level, and the bullet that wounds not seldom leaves the honours easy. We know how conscientiously Lord Glamis would share the exertions of his men, and how eagerly he would face the risks and more that they are called upon, to face. We can almost fancy him gratified by the brevity and plainness of his appearance in the List.

Soldiering a Matter of Course. With tolerable luck, Lady Glamis would have supplementary private

tidings of her husband almost as soon as the official intimation appeared in the papers; but for the rest, his friends were forced to content themselves with the War Office's unilluminating entry. Lord Glamis has many friends, in and out of the Army. When he entered it, after passing through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he was twenty; when he abandoned it for the Reserve of Officers he was twenty-five, but his popularity cannot be measured by the brevity of his association with his regiment. Like his father, who left the Life Guards with the rank of Lieutenant, he had gone in for a period of soldiering rather by force of family habit than with any fixed determination to devote his life to the art of arms. As some men regard the production of a sheaf of poetry as part and parcel of their youthful experience, so do others think of a commission as a sort of passport to maturity. Lord Glamis, however, was by nature something more than a perfunctory soldier. He did his term with the Scots Guards with the keenness of a man who had his eye on a Field-Marshal's bâton—and then he left it!

Serve and Reserve. Not content with a place in

the Reserve of Officers—a Reserve that had no great meaning for anybody before the unthinkable war—Lord Glamis accepted the rank of Major with the 5th Battalion (Dundee and Angus Territorials) of the Black Watch, and it was with that historic regiment

that he went to France. History and the family have so much in common that a commission in the Black Watch seems more becoming to the heir of the Earldom of Strathmore and Kinghorne than, say, a commission in Kitchener's Army or some other glorious mushroom of this new chapter in our national records.

Glamis and History and fable, tradition and actuality, are extraordinarily interwoven in the records of the family. The facts are sufficiently interesting. It is known, for instance, to the day, that a Lord Glamis was delivered up to the English as hostage for James I. on March 28, 1424, and released on June 19, 1427. The Lady Glamis who was burned for witchcraft (her accuser afterwards confessed himself a fraud) in Edinburgh is equally well provided with a date—she died July 17, 1537. But even Mr. Horace Round must feel that the exact knowledge of the scientific historian is hopelessly inadequate when it comes to dealing with the illimitable romance of Lord Strathmore's inheritance.

MAJOR LORD GLAMIS.  
Photograph by Thomson.

Nobody can think of Glamis Castle in terms of mere stone and mortar. It is stone and mortar, plus mystery and Shakespeare. Even if we make very little of the famous mythical dark room, we are left with a body of local tradition that was ancient and powerful many centuries before Elizabeth. Nor is the room itself entirely exploded: whatever its merits, they have never been given away. If there is no other secret to keep, the secret that there is no secret is worth protecting from the army of investigators who would rather pull the castle down than be baffled.

New Year's Day, 1915. Forfarshire, at any rate, sets great store by the things that happen when the son and heir of the house reaches his majority. Just before midnight he leaves the assembled guests in company of the Earl and his agent, and is told the dreadful thing. No woman (and here credulity is stretched beyond endurance) is taken into the confidence of the three men for whom the mystery is no mystery, and Lord Glamis has nothing to say on the subject until his own son and heir, John Patrick Bowes-Lyon, born on New Year's Day, 1910, reaches the age of twenty-one. Must he really wait so long?

A Game in Hand. Some few years ago Lord Glamis married Lady Dorothy Osborne, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds. The Duke is one of the defenders of our coast, and in Lord Glamis's own family—a brother belongs to his regiment, the Black Watch—are numerous other instances of readiness to serve. Like Captain Fox of sea fame, and like dozens of fellow-officers, Lord Glamis is a cricketer. Scotland counts him among her best bats, and the Glamis glide has, in the North, as fine a reputation as the Hirst pull. It looks as if our cricketers have the new game well in hand. Lord Glamis "retired hurt": but he has, by all accounts, had a good innings!



LADY GLAMIS.

The news that Major Lord Glamis has been wounded while in action with his regiment, the Black Watch, has been heard with wide regret. Lord Glamis is the eldest son of, and heir to, the Earl of Strathmore, and, incidentally, to the historic Glamis Castle, with its grim, if vague and unsubstantial, tradition of a mysterious inhabitant of an equally mysterious chamber. Lord Glamis is very popular in his regiment and in Society, and was married, in 1908, to Lady Dorothy Beatrix Osborne, daughter of the Duke of Leeds. There are two children of the marriage—the Hon. John Patrick Bowes-Lyon, born in 1910, and the Hon. Cecilia, born in 1912.—[Photograph by Naudain.]

the Reserve of Officers—a Reserve that had no great meaning for anybody before the unthinkable war—Lord Glamis accepted the rank of Major with the 5th Battalion (Dundee and Angus Territorials) of the Black Watch, and it was with that historic regiment

## THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN COLQUHOUN AND HIS BRIDE.



*The Wedding of a Niece of the Prime Minister: Sir Iain Colquhoun and his Wife (Formerly Miss Geraldine Tennant) Leaving the Guards' Chapel.*

The Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, attracted a fashionable congregation on Feb. 10, for the marriage of a niece of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Miss Geraldine Bryde (Dinah) Tennant, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tennant, of Innes House, Morayshire, and Lympne Castle, Kent, to Sir Iain Colquhoun, of the Scots Guards, Chief of the ancient Clan Colquhoun. Miss Kathleen Tennant, the bride's sister, was the only bridesmaid, and Mr. H. Ross was best man. The Chaplain of the Guards' Chapel officiated, and the bride was given away by her father. A salute was played by the pipers of the Scots Guards on the parade-ground outside the Chapel.

The reception was held at 57, Seymour Street, after which the bride and bridegroom left for Great Maytham, lent by the bride's uncle, Mr. H. J. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War. The guests, the majority of whom were relatives, included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Graham Smith, Lord and Lady Glenconner, Mr. H. J. Tennant, Admiral Sir Alfred Winsloe, Lord and Lady Lovat, Lord Ribblesdale, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Charteris, the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, Lord and Lady Elcho, Lady Maud Warrender, Viscount and Viscountess Gladstone, Mr. and Lady Betty Balfour, Mr. Balfour, the Hon. Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton, and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

THE American Ambassador's experiences as a Press-man are standing him in good stead. He knows how to keep out of the papers at a time when to be bothered with anything but the daily budget of letters and cables from Washington would be torture. He is not, perhaps, altogether loyal to the world of printed matter. When he accepted the English appointment, he turned upon his fellow-workers with the least-expected of good-byes. "I have quit," he said to them; "I have quit. I view your ranks from outside. And now I see what is wrong with you—there are too many of you."

*Woodrow Wilson  
for London.*

The most interesting thing about Mr. Page, for the moment, is the closeness of his friendship for the President. The two men understand each other. Only once, as very young men, did they make a little miscalculation as to their relative prospects as Americans of mark. When they went their respective ways from the Johns Hopkins University, Page



AWARDED THE NEW MILITARY CROSS:  
CAPTAIN T. J. LEAHY.

Captain T. J. Leahy, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, has been twice mentioned in despatches, has received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the French Government, and has now been awarded the New Military Cross of this country.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

parted from Wilson with these words: "When I am President, Woodrow, you shall go as Ambassador to London."

*A Brother, and  
Benevolent!* Everybody knows how energetically Lady Jellicoe keeps the flag flying at home; everybody knows of General French's womenfolk, and particularly of his sister's old fights against great odds. But Mrs. E. J. Parker, the Commandant-in-Chief of the Women Signallers Territorial Corps, is a new discovery for most of Lord Kitchener's admirers. That "K. of K." has a sister at all is one of the revelations of the war. It is like the discovery, made in the Lords, that he can look benevolent. The Kitchener who points a finger at you from the hoardings and the Kitchener of the gold-rimmed glasses are two entirely different beings.

*Black, Tan, and  
Khaki.* All the Westminster cousins were at the wedding of Miss Dinah Tennant and Sir Iain Colquhoun last Wednesday; and Westminster, nowadays, means soldiers. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were accompanied by two sons, and most of the other men present were either politicians in khaki or lieutenants in black coats. The bridegroom was in uniform, but other officers with the queer, unmistakable tan of the trenches on their faces, turned up in the mufti so dear to men on leave. The Countess of Wemyss, Lady Maud Warrender, Lord Gladstone,

and Lord and Lady Glenconner were also present. Lord Glenconner returned to Scotland the same afternoon, and at least a tithe of the other guests are back in France by this.

*The Colonel.* Colonel Seely's soldierly qualities fit

him admirably for his new command. In the House he was always thought of as the most regular of regulars, and when he rose to speak his brisk bearing generally gave the impression that he had been on active service the week before. It was only towards the end of his term at the "W.O." that the grind told on him to the extent of bringing a civilian limpness to his shoulders, and even then he had as much of the look of "Army" left to him as anybody in Whitehall.

*Two Types at the  
Cavalry Club.*

We all know the professional soldier, very quiet and very forbearing, who looks as if he had never seen a parade-ground; he goes to the Cavalry Club because he likes the tea, or because he has to visit that part of the town to get the only possible cigarettes and only tolerable pocket-handkerchiefs. He is probably a hard soldier when he is at work, but when he is not he does not show it. Colonel Seely, on the other hand, is a soldier always; nothing represses his military instincts, and though he has spent the greater part of his life in trying to be a civilian, he is at ease only when he gets out of undress and into the harness of active service.

*Out of Water—  
and In.*

Colonel Seely's environment has never been exactly appropriate. He went to Trinity, Cambridge, instead of Sandhurst; he was called to the Bar instead of to an Indian station; and Westminster has been his headquarters instead of Aldershot. The Boer War gave him his greatest opportunity, though only as an Imperial

Yeoman. He got his D.S.O., was mentioned in despatches, and saw stiff fighting on nearly half-a-dozen occasions. His bravery, as it happens, is already known in France. As a member of an Isle of Wight life-boat crew, he once swam with a line to a French ship on the point of foundering just out of range of the rocket apparatus. Nine lives were saved, and the French Government presented the Colonel with its gold medal. But there again he was, strictly speaking, out of his element! In his new command he is absolutely in it. Very properly, differences of political opinion count for nothing in time of war. The politician is sunk in the patriot, and Colonel Seely's military ardour is counted unto him for righteousness on both sides of the House.



AN · INTERESTING BRIDE :  
MISS MARY M. BARDWELL.

Miss Bardwell, whose marriage to the Rev. E. H. Corbett-Winder was arranged for Feb. 11, is the daughter of Mr. T. N. F. Bardwell, D.L., of Bolton Hall, Wilberfoss, Yorks. The Rev. E. H. Corbett-Winder is the son of the late Major-General Corbett-Winder, and Mrs. Corbett-Winder, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



TO MARRY MR. A. SYDNEY  
WALLER : MISS MARY G.  
TRUSCOTT.

Miss Mary Truscott is the elder daughter of Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bt., J.P., and Lady Truscott, of 87, Lancaster Gate. Mr. Waller is the second son of Mr. H. Sydney Waller, J.P., and Mrs. Waller, of Farmington, Northleach, Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED : MR. VICTOR C. W. FORBES AND MISS LINA JUTA.

Mr. Victor Forbes is the only son of Captain the Hon. Walter R. D. Forbes, J.P. for Aberdeenshire, and half-brother to the twenty-first Baron Forbes, Premier Baron of Scotland. Miss Lina Juta is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir Henry Hubert Juta, Judge-President of the Cape of Good Hope Division, Supreme Court of South Africa.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



## THE GATE OF —



THE OFFICER (*newly joined*) : Squad ! Right wheel — No ! Left wheel ! — er — as you were — er — Mark time !  
Oh ! dash it all — through that \* \* \* gate !

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# SMALL TALK

THE little conflagration at the War Office was probably due, in an indirect way, to what Max—or was it some other parodist of the *mot juste*?—calls “this regrettable Armageddon.” Many small laxities have crept in since the beginning of the war. Clerks working overtime begin by smoking after the regular hours, and end by forgetting not to smoke in them. The Censor’s staff, housed on the roof in a structure known as the “bomb-trap,” works in a cloud of smoke; and the kitchens have never been busier. Lord Kitchener’s chickens and coffee are said to be responsible for the pleasant odour of roasting often pervading the corridors in the morning.

*From Silk to Cotton-Wool.*

Ranjitsinhji’s first letter from the front repudiates the notion that he has grown unduly bulky. “We all of us look rather like bales of cotton,” he writes to Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, his old cricketing friend; and if the Jam Sahib is rounder than most English officers, it is because an Indian puts on five shirts to an Englishman’s four, and three pairs of socks to the Englishman’s two. Ranji may not have increased in weight since his last visit to England, but we are still inclined to believe that he is now incapable of the delightful dips and dives in the slips that made him famous on the sunny grass of Hove. But in those days his wear was a single fluttering silk shirt—the only silk shirt among eleven.

*The Man Who Stayed at Home.*

Among the many futile questions of the last Parliamentary week there was one that asked for an answer worth attending to. It got it. Sir Ian Hamilton, we learned, is in command of a mobile force ready to meet invasion at any point. That Sir Ian was not merely wearing away the weeks by attending inspections with his Majesty was obvious enough, but that the whole responsibility of active defence was on his shoulders had not before then been positively stated. Sir Ian is one of our great Generals, and, while he must think it very hard lines that he is kept at home on account of a phantom invasion, it is good that we should know the War Office has a sufficient-sounding excuse for his retention.

*A Question of Dates.*

The announcement in last week’s *Gazette* of the promotion of Second-Lieutenant the Prince of Wales to a full Lieutenancy was received with general satisfaction in papers a little careless—and excusably so—about the endless lists issued from the War Office. Last week’s announcement was, frankly, a little stale; and

ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD S. WELD-BLUNDELL: MISS MARY ANGELA MAYNE.

Miss Mary Angela Mayne, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Richard Shirburne Weld-Blundell, of the Coldstream Guards, is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Jasper Graham Mayne, of Tumbricane, Ipswich. Mr. Weld-Blundell is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell Park, Lancaster, and Grosvenor Crescent, Liverpool. Photograph by Keturah Collings.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: MRS. L. S. SMITHERS.

Miss Grace O’Meara, who was married, on Feb. 6, at Westminster Cathedral, to Captain L. S. Smithers, is the daughter of Mr. William H. O’Meara, M.D., of Carlow, Ireland.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: CAPTAIN L. S. SMITHERS.

Captain L. S. Smithers, who was married, on Feb. 6, at Westminster Cathedral, to Miss Grace O’Meara, of Carlow, is in the 17th Infantry (the Loyal Regiment) Indian Army.

Photograph by Lafayette.

those misfortunate courtiers who offered their felicitations to the King and Queen on its publication must have blushed when they realised that the promotion had been duly gazetted, though somewhat less prominently, several weeks before. The second announcement was of no conceivable public interest. It merely said, in the ways dark and mysterious to the layman, that the Prince’s promotion made no difference to the personnel of the regiment. The Prince has a Staff appointment, and the Grenadier Guards’ full complement of officers is made up without him.

*Neutral Tints.* The Pier-

pont Morgan porcelain has changed hands, and we now know that the shocks of battle have been insufficient to break the values of that most fragile form of property, and insufficient to curb the spirit of the collector. Messrs. Duveen, the new owners, are specialists not only in the study of porcelain, but in the study of the purchaser. They know the war is making, and will make, all sorts of differences in the field of art, but that nothing permanently affects the status of a unique collection of things that are beyond doubt excessively rare. Lord Kitchener, it is said, found time to be much interested in the details of the transaction, and Lord Kitchener has as many distractions as any enthusiast in porcelain.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. DE HOGHTON: MISS V. E. TOWNLEY-PARKER.

Miss V. E. Townley-Parker, whose forthcoming marriage to Captain G. de Hoghton, son of Sir James de Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, Preston, is announced, is the daughter of Mrs. Townley-Parker, of Dawlish. Captain de Hoghton is in the King’s Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry).

Photograph by Langfier.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN S. R. SHIRLEY: MISS HILDA GRACE YOUNG.

Miss Hilda Grace Young, whose engagement to Captain S. R. Shirley, of the 54th Sikhs (Frontier Force) is announced, is the younger daughter of Mr. H. Gavin Young, India Police (retired), and Mrs. Young, of Lock’s Heath, near Southampton. Captain Shirley is the eldest son of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Shirley, Bursledon Rectory, Hampshire.

Photograph by Swaine.

*The Worth of Worth Park.*

If porcelain prices can stand the racket of the war, the landed proprietors should not be downcast. A collection of china can, it is true, be shipped away from the zone of operations, but is, on the other hand, a luxury subject to the almighty whims of “nervy” millionaires. Land, the most substantial of all necessities, must stay where it is—come Turk, come Hun! Worth Park, Crawley, one of the most elaborate of English houses, falls somewhere between the categories of luxury and necessity, and the result of its sale will be watched with interest by somewhat despondent estate-agents.

*A Copyright.* Another venture in the estate market was the recent sale of over a thousand acres

belonging to Lord Kintore’s property in Aberdeenshire. It may be recalled that Lord Kintore, while in Australia, delivered a speech which an enterprising journalist in Adelaide declared to be lifted bodily from an address delivered by Lord Inverurie several years before. A paper gave the two speeches side by side, and they were very similar. Lord Kintore pleaded guilty to the theft, but pointed out that when the first speech was delivered he was himself Lord Inverurie.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK!"



THE OFFICER (*new to flooded trenches, going the rounds*) : What the blazes is that sentry doing under water? He can't see a thing.

THE SERGEANT : 'E's all right, Sir; 'e grow'd eyes like a fish weeks ago!



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE HERO.

By CARL R. FALLAS.

**W**HEN little Satu San went to his friend's thatched house, and softly drew back the sliding door and peeped inside, he usually found the hero recumbent on his mattress on the white cane matting of the floor, only his face showing out of his thick Japanese military blanket.

After a moment's pause, to glance at the lower part of the blanket, which was not filled out and always reminded him of his legless wooden puppet at home, he would begin in his velvety voice—

"Are you asleep . . . do you sleep, Mr. Soldier?"

Then, with the hero propped up, his metal pipe in hand, the blanket drawn half down, there was nothing so pleasant to Satu on a holiday morning as to sit there in the doorway, with cocked ears and wide, imaginative eyes, and listen to the soldier.

Satu could picture it all perfectly, that fight for the Fatherland, as if it were but yesterday . . . though his father and mother had not then even begun their courting, and the kindergarten children of that day who had waved a leave-taking to the regiments were now stout tillers of the rice-fields and peach plantations, or serving their first military year. He often tried to realise the joys of the spirits of the dead warriors . . . perhaps hovering over the very village in which he lived.

"Our good Buddha will take care of you. Do your best for us, Mr. Soldiers," the children had called out to the long lines marching away.

"And he did—is it not so?" put in Satu.

"To be sure," returned the soldier, putting down his pipe with his left hand, to draw up his blanket an inch.

Satu and his playmates occasionally held a march past, in which they took care that everything should accord with the strictest military precept laid down by their maimed friend. Then his small sister Onu, who acted the part of a crowd of cheering spectators, would step forward, and with infantine significance whisper—

"Strive hard, Satu. Leave your bleached bones in the wilderness of Manchuria. Die beautifully and become a patriotic spirit returning to life seven times . . . for the sake of our dear Japan."

One dark evening about this time Satu staged the famous passage through the ravine of "cherry-petals," a line of route taken by a battalion that had got lost in its march to join the final assault upon Port Arthur. How much better than we do children see the beauty in terrible things! Often on a windy day, when a sudden gust brought the blossom-petals flying down to the garden path, these two had exclaimed—"What a lot of heroes are falling to-day!"

From side to side of the village street dashed the distracted Satu, in command, seeking the path the main army had taken, upon his shoulder a stick—his gun.

"I can only expiate my folly by committing *harikari* (disembowelment)—a procedure in which I invite everyone to join," he cried. But this dire deed was obviated by a timely groan from Onu as she raised her head from the ground in a side alley.

"Hurrah!"

And Satu dashed thither to discover the passage, with happiness mingled with tears, for its dark way was paved with the fallen of a previous affray—soldiers who, in dying, had become heroes and cherry-petals.

"Pardon!" murmured Satu, stepping upon his sister's face with a bare foot supposed to be worn shoeless with tramping. "Oh, forgive!" he begged, as he stepped therefrom on to the chest of another playmate. A third child, half hidden beneath a heap of others, begged Satu to kill him or bring a stretcher, and Satu paused to moisten the parched lips of this sufferer by pouring on to them water from an old scent-bottle, whispering as he wiped with his sleeve the caked dust from the prostrate one's eyes—

"You have done well. *Banzai!*"

Thus the floral ravine was passed, and Satu, emerging through the alley, joined the grand attack by the main body of the army . . . formed by those same cherry-petals, who now jumped up and began ruthlessly to storm a gendarme's empty hut at the corner of the street.

All this was very realistic and even shocking, and a diminutive lady with cheeks as pink as the flowers on the park trees, and eyes far surpassing the brightness of her kimono, wondered what her little Satu would do next.

"Nonsense," said her husband, putting aside his wife's doubts. "There will be no more war. We have established our prestige with the nations of the world for ever. Besides, what could he better become than a brave *Samurai* (warrior) . . . giving ease to the hearts of our dear rulers?"

The square little man's parchment face merely wrinkled up into smiles when his wife told him meekly how Satu, instead of his usual prayer last night to the little god O Shaka San, had muttered sleepily—

Pull the trigger as carefully and gently  
As the frost falls in the cold night.

Much commotion sounded from the room above through the thin ceiling one wet evening, and the timid, listening mother, pausing at the foot of the short staircase, could hear the graphic tones of her firstborn—

"Our 'forlorn hope' detachment is about to go into action, expecting instant annihilation."

"*Banzei!*" sounded the soft voice of Onu from her bed on the floor in the corner. "But what have you got in your belt, Corporal?"

"My coffin, Commander."

"Indeed! You are well prepared, brave Satu."

Much skirmishing ensued then the scene appeared to change, and Satu was heard again—

"Do you know what this rain is, Onu?"

"Yes; it is the tears of joy for the victors, tears of sorrow for the vanquished, and tears of mourning for the dead. But you are forgetting to tell me what happened when you climbed the corpse hills."

"No, I'm not. . . . It was confusion and infernal butchery, bayonet against bayonet. I grew so hoarse I could not shout: my sword broke, my right arm was pierced, my left leg shattered. I fell. My mind worked like a steam-engine, but my body would not move an inch."

Listening ears grew hot, cheeks pale: no mother could stand more, and when she entered the room she found her two darlings embracing in the centre of the floor after the battle. But . . . what! Where is Satu's forelock? A short stump of hair like a sheared wheatsheaf rises above his forehead. Curl and tender finger-nails are in the cardboard box at his sash—relics to be sent from the battlefield to his family! And the tears of this mother of a future *Samurai* are dropping on to warm cheeks which she presses to hers.

### II.

A braggart . . . the soldier?

Incredible! Yet so it had got about. For who but such could yarn about himself as this one did, and pose as a hero so? Why, this man had not died. The heroes, the immortal cherry-petals, were they who had died.

Scarcely anyone now comes near him. But then men always have been jealous of fame enjoyed in life, or have grown tired of hearing the same tales. So he lies all day, smoking his pipe, only his face showing out of his military blanket.

"Good evening!"

It was the hoarse voice of the ricksha coolie, in his large, mushroom hat, that kind runner who, in the cool of the evening, often rode him through the park without asking a fare.

"The air is warm, the blossoms are fading, children play at ball on the grass, there is music and the geisha are on the lake. . . . What? Not to-night?" And the good coolie, after a pause to wipe his wet brow with a cloth, trotted off.

Stillness again.

Tobacco-smoke clouds . . . and dreams. These dreams take him back to the beginning of the war, and he fancies he is getting

[Continued overleaf.]

*New German Fairy Tales.*

I. "HUMPTY - DUMPTY."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLEY.

ready to go to the front. He has just had the bath which will fit his body to contain the clean soul of a warrior, and he is accepting the farewell cup of water from his mother and the sword in the family shrine from his father. Honoured sword ! His eye now wanders to it in the corner of the room, and it recalls an incident. Once, doing sentry-go, chilled to the bone, he had been about to cut down a Russian outpost who had strayed ; but the smiling fellow, bearded like himself, coolly broke off half his cigarette and gave it to him, and together they had smoked, listening in the darkness to the neighing of the horses . . . those horses, once so happy and well-fed, which had crossed the sea in innocence to gallop and die in a strange land. Does he not remember how he lay all night behind the riddled, friendly carcase of one ?

Now, through the defile. . . . So vivid it seemed, he doubled up his knee under his blanket, fancying he had trodden on a wounded friend. "Pardon!"

But the dead comrade returned no answer.

Later, the mail from home just before the general advance, with photographs of little babies born to the wives of young comrades ; and his old school chum Kunio is bending forward over the picture of his new son with the words for all to hear : "My tears are of greeting and farewell, for I mean to die beautifully to-day."

Then the earthworks . . .

Splendid magnesium-lights blazed out. The glare of the rockets, the moan of shells and the explosion increased. One could particularly hear the shutting of the breech-locks, the empty cartridges jumping out. They were mowed down by machine-guns. Then the bayonets glistened and slid against one another. They are pressed back. No ! It is the enemy who gives way. . . .

Over the mounds . . . step by step, foot on prostrate face clotted with purple blood, its white teeth biting blue lips, eyelids swollen, hair through which no comb would go, the red of the uniforms alone unchanged. These are the piles of those who have died beautifully. He made a sling for his wrist with his little flag. He grew so hoarse he could not shout. . . .

But what joyous thing has happened ? Behold, their dear Rising Sun on the scaled hill, its folds spreading and curling in the breeze ! Then the rain and the thunder and lightning. Nature herself seemed to repeat the same desperate scene. The victorious army is a drenched rat.

"Bring a stretcher ! Kill me !" he calls to someone who is rushing aimlessly about.

"I will defend," answers this individual, none other than Kunio, who, drawing nearer, tumbles down and embraces him, tears gushing from blood-blinded eyes.

Poor Kunio. . . when he saw him afterwards in hospital in the next bed. To Kunio's ruined fancy the nurse is a Chinaman and the doctor a Russian. "I will avenge, I will—" he repeats like a parrot, and a red stream runs through the holes in the india-rubber sheet and is sopped up by the white linen beneath. It made one weep to see a friend like that ; and as the soldier went on weeping quietly alone on his mattress, but in fancy in that far-off, overflowing military hospital, he was unaware that someone entered his small, thatched house.

"Soldier, of what are you speaking ? Why do you kick off your blanket ?" his visitor asked, and tried to appease him.

"Well done—you have done well," the soldier murmured in reply. At this moment he seemed to realise that it was not to Kunio he was speaking. Was it to a nurse who was trying to soothe him with her cool fingers ?

"Soldier . . . !"

His eyes assumed understanding, and he smiled. The face he had taken for a nurse changed into that of a celebrated geisha. This was not the first time that she had come to him there, like Satu, as a visitor from Heaven.

A hooded ricksha had brought her. It was now the dead of night.

"Oh, untidiest of men ! Water upset, tobacco on floor, bed . . . I never saw such a rag-shop !" she said severely, resting upon him narrow eyes for whose laughing glances rich people paid.

Because the soldier had no wife to comb his hair . . . this geisha combed it ; no one to cool his feet-stumps . . . pressed them ; none to put arms round his broken form and to kiss him . . . she did all that.

Dawn was breaking when the girl went away. Half of the sky was pink, and the snowy cone of Fuji reflected its tints : birds were fluttering and beginning to sing, and a light air stirred the glass wind-signal in the porch thick with creepers, and blew some of the faded blossoms from the trees in the garden. It was the movement of arriving day.

A cat mewed outside, and the soldier's eyes opened. He had been asleep several hours, his brain resting sweetly, his muscles relaxed. A shaft of sunlight streamed through the casement, and his eye wandered down to its pointing finger. To the precious reliquary still containing his dark lock of hair, once worn at his girdle, and to his sword . . . so bright, there in the corner !

Of course ! How was it he hadn't thought of it before ?

He raised himself up. A peace filled his soul like that coming to him as he had lain on the ground, almost numb, after the battle, when the mountains recovered their ancient silence. Why had he remained here shamefully alive under this roof so long . . . to envy his comrades on the village autograph list, whose honoured spirits now reposed in the Temple of Kudan ? He could yet be sung as an offshoot of the genuine cherry-tree.

Raising himself upright, he undid his magnificent sash-bow, tied at the waist of his kimono by the hands of the geisha.

First he kissed the point of his sword. Then he lay down again. Every Japanese knows the true abdominal line. . . .

"Buddha, who hast left me only the unsacred thatch of a hut, cleanse me clean of all little sins, and here I expiate my one great fault."

It is true, to be a hero one must die. . . .

The hand from which the sword slipped drew up the coverlet. Outside, the cat continued to mew. He had forgotten to give it a spoonful of milk.

Little Satu, arriving a few hours later, softly drew back the sliding door and peeped within, pressing aside his sister's curly head to get first sight of the hero, recumbent, as usual, on his couch on the white cane matting, only his face showing out of his military blanket.

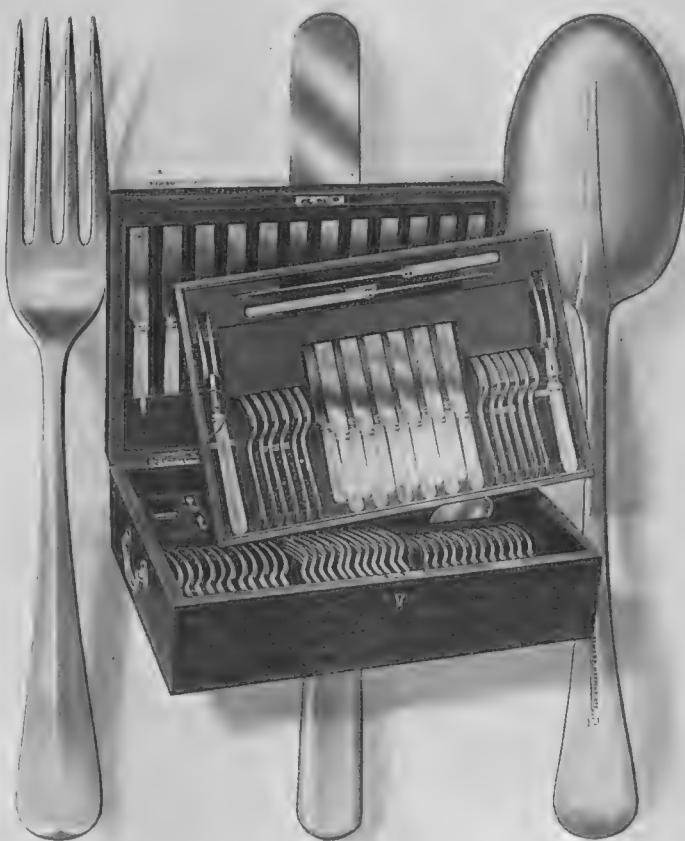
"Are you asleep ? Do you sleep, Mr. Soldier ? Mother says we may come for just five minutes," he began in his velvety voice, lifting the corner of the blanket gently. . . .

THE END.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER : Now, in what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life ?  
SMALL BOY : Please, Teacher, 'e was dead.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.



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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Our Democratic Army. A bewildered officer's widow writes to the morning paper to know if she may take a "private" to the stalls of a London theatre, or ask him to dine when her nephew—a full-fledged Captain—is coming? She declares that these gentlemen-privates do not know the stern etiquette of the situation, whether they may use their London clubs, travel first-class, or in general behave as they were wont to do before they wore the honourable khaki coat. In Town, at any rate, we are in no doubt about the matter. The smoking-rooms of the Bath and the Bachelors' swarm with soldiers of all ranks towards the week-end. We all invite weary "privates" to parties, and most of the womenfolk don't care a dump whether their escort is a Colonel or an Admiral, or a simple private or Tar, so long as he patriotically wears the yellow or the blue uniform. This fact accounts for some amusing situations, "classes" being now hopelessly mixed. The other day, at a smart restaurant, there was to be seen a simple sailor-man taking tea surrounded by the beautiful and the dressy. Whispers ran round that it was the scion of a noble house, whose work lay with the Royal Naval Volunteers. It was a pretty and a curious scene, and one which shows that we have surely cast aside much of the stupidities of etiquette with this war. The Prussians will fail through the antagonism of their men and their officers. After this we can do with a thoroughly democratic, though disciplined Army.

**Romance Soars Over London.**

Whatever we may, or may not, be allowed to know about the war on sea and on land, there is a factor which even the Censor is powerless to conceal, and that is the spirit of high romance which soars over this workaday London. Impossible to look around in the most casual manner and not perceive its presence. Were ever so many marriages of affection known as during the last few months, so many surprising and hurried nuptials celebrated without fuss, without ostentation, without "advertising," and without wedding presents? All nice girls and boys seem attracted to each other in these days of strain and stress, especially as all the nice boys are in khaki or in blue. Young England wants to leave a wife behind, to feel a responsible man, to have a special dear one to fight for, and a hope of posterity, before he goes out into the Unknown and risks the last offering of all. Not that they put it in this way, even to themselves. I have not the smallest doubt these hurried courtships are as "casual," as punctuated by cigarettes and slang, as is most of the love-making of the twentieth century. Yet proud are the slim, pretty, close-hatted young creatures who exhibit their willing victims in khaki up and down Bond Street of a morning.

**WHEN AS IN VELVET JULIA GOES.**

An attractive model in bright-green velvet with a high collar and wristlets of chinchilla, a band of the same fur being laid on the flowing tunic.

"And hadn't you a machine-gun?" a dear little, furry girl was asking an exquisite "nut" in full Army kit at the corner of Grafton Street yesterday. He was very tall, and he was bending down

to talk to her. They made the most charming pair; but this time last year those two would have been discussing the Tango. The change of subject is startling, as between a boy and a girl. Hence the war-marriage and the eagerness of our formerly irresponsible girls to take up their share of anxiety, responsibility, and possibly of sorrow.

**Blue or Yellow?** Feminine opinion varies as to the merits, the most potent attraction of the dark-blue and gold buttons, or the not beautiful—but gallant-looking—khaki. The Senior Service, perhaps, rouses the greatest thrill, for Romance and Danger belong eternally to the waves, and even the most flighty young person realises something of what we owe to sea-power. Not so common, too, are the dark-blue uniforms in our streets and theatres and clubs, for "leave" seems a forgotten institution nowadays in the Navy. But how immeasurably do these uniforms add to the vitality, the sense of national life, the loveliness of England. Without falling into Prussian military swagger, one could wish that uniform might be worn in future by officers of the two great forces, at any rate, as evening-dress, when on leave in London. How gay and gallant would our opera, our dinner-parties, our theatres and our dances become. They would all be as consequential as a State Ball or a Foreign Office party. On the Continent, they do not make the mistake of hiding their uniforms in cupboards when they mix with civilians. And after this war, we shall be sufficiently grateful to the two uniforms to wish to see them often.

**The Cardinal and the Roman Church is re-**

**considering**  
its attitude towards womenfolk. Indeed, its latest step in this direction is nothing short of revolutionary, for an English lady was asked to translate the famous Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, against all rules and precedents, all venerable ecclesiastical prejudices and presumptions. How many learned and accomplished priests and monks must have longed to have the honour of rendering into English—for all the Anglo-Saxon world to peruse—this eloquent and passionate historic document. Yet the Powers who rule the inscrutable Vatican decreed that a woman—our most distinguished writer in England to-day—should turn those burning words into sonorous English prose. And the importance of this, in view of the large circulation of the Pastoral which is desired, especially among Catholics in America, is obvious. Nothing must be neglected to rouse public opinion in the United States as to the importance of the ideals we are fighting for. Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral is a striking protest against German "frightfulness," and his translator has done him more than justice. It is already *le secret de Polichinelle* that the lady is Alice Meynell.



AN AFTERNOON COSTUME.

The costume is of seal-brown satin-finished cloth, trimmed with skunk at the throat and wrists; a wide hem of broadtail finishes both the coat and skirt. The coat is ornamented with soutache and buttons of broadtail.





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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## War Time Theatre Parties.

Those of us who can afford to give theatre parties take convalescent wounded soldiers to see the play. I was at one last week, and never have I enjoyed a play more. The men were just like children in their enjoyment. Careful directions were given as to which of them had full and which light meals, and this was easily accommodated at the restaurant. It was not only the actual theatre they enjoyed, for I heard afterwards that they went back to hospital and told all the jokes and quips and cranks to their comrades, who could not get out, and who had nearly as much pleasure out of it as they had. One quite realises when dealing with these men how it is that the British private soldier earns his reputation for being a gentleman.

## Settling Down to It.

I met a lady the other day walking about in most business-looking boots, short skirts, substantial-looking gloves, and some strong, hard-wear furs. In pre-war days no one ever saw her walk, other than across a room or a pavement; while her clothes were charmingly unpractical and always vastly pretty and costly. "I have quite settled to it," said she; "my two cars are out with convalescent soldiers, I walk to all my meetings, my cook is doing a day at a private hospital. Buy clothes? Oh yes, I must do that; my dressmaker keeps all her girls: I have to give a hand there, but I don't wear the new ones weather like this. Bridge? Well, a couple of rubbers a week perhaps, and all winnings for war funds. I assure you I am very well—never better, now I have settled to it, and I mean to stick to it till we've won, when I shall greatly enjoy a relapse!" I suppose we all shall, and that is as it should be; all the same, I do not think the relapse will be quite into old lines. The joy of unselfishness, experienced as women are experiencing it now, is hard to kill.

## The Hats that Come in the Spring.

Already we scent the spring. Old winter's gone away—that is, the worst of him has: the long nights and short days. Now we have sunshine almost every day, light mornings, and long light afternoons, so that we feel that hats should be light and bright too. We women always get sensitive about our millinery when winter begins to turn his back and spring starts advancing round a not distant corner. Harrods the ever-ready have just published a delightful little illustrated booklet of early spring charming and practical costume millinery. It is a valuable guide to those of us who buy early millinery through the post. Also it serves admirably to fix our minds on what we want before we go forth to purchase—a thing which is an admirable aid to a satisfactory transaction. There are very pretty little hats in Bangkok straw with fancy tartan velvet and silk ribbons; there are Pedal straws finished with corded ribbons and plumage in contrasting colour; the Liséré straw hats are variously trimmed; and there are suède and patent-leather wet-weather hats; there are Tagel straw and Panama hats—all of them of the newest shapes and very becoming. Any woman who wants a hat can suit herself from this admirable booklet; while at Harrod's millinery salons the choice is inexhaustible.

**Those of us who can afford to give theatre parties take convalescent wounded soldiers to see the play. I was at one last week, and never have I enjoyed a play more. The men were just like children in their enjoyment. Careful directions were given as to which of them had full and which light meals, and this was easily accommodated at the restaurant. It was not only the actual theatre they enjoyed, for I heard afterwards that they went back to hospital and told all the jokes and quips and cranks to their comrades, who could not get out, and who had nearly as much pleasure out of it as they had. One quite realises when dealing with these men how it is that the British private soldier earns his reputation for being a gentleman.**

I met a lady the other day walking about in most business-looking boots, short skirts, substantial-looking gloves, and some strong,

## The House Harmonious.

It is more important to have home surroundings in perfect harmony than to strive after mere beauty, which often proves to have only ephemeral charm. True harmony means rest and contentment, and makes of home the true refreshment. I am thinking as I write of a beautiful book called "House Decorating in Taste and Style," just issued by Wolfe and Hollander, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, which is an example of really harmonious furniture delightfully depicted. Directions are given how to furnish a house for £50, for £90, for £150, for £275, full lists being given. Everything is in excellent taste; there is no piece of furniture shown in all these artistic and beautifully finished pages that there is any risk of getting tired of, because it is all thoroughly well designed, well made, and in good style. The prices, I may say, are astonishingly moderate: the firm has built up an enormous business by their remarkable combination of beautiful quality with moderate price. The book, which is too well done to be written down merely a catalogue, is worth writing for: it is really a guide to all that good taste means in furniture.

## The Peerage of Crowned Heads.

No more "Almanach de Gotha"—oh, dear, what shall we do? Only one edition of this year has been published; it is out of print, and not to be had for love or money. Of course, it is an alien enemy; but why, in the interests of war on German trade, we don't start one here I do not know. There would be difficulties just now about German Princes. Previous to the war they were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa; now we have thinned them out considerably. The German people probably believe all their dear Princes are alive and well. Another difficulty would be corrections, because the Crown Prince has not only been dead, but also buried, by rumour; Prince Eitel Fritz has been killed twice, and Prince Adalbert died in Brussels some time



THE WEDDING OF A FLYING OFFICER: MAJOR ARCHIBALD C. H. MacLEAN AND HIS BRIDE  
(MISS JANE CASSELS WALKER.)

Very quietly, at Holy Trinity Church, Roehampton, on Feb 8, was celebrated the marriage of Major Archibald Campbell Holmes MacLean, of the Royal Scots, and the Royal Flying Corps, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. MacLean, of Grosvenor Crescent, Glasgow, and Miss Jane Cassels Walker, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Walker, of Heatherwood, Putney Heath. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Browne.—[Photograph by Russell.]

ago, according to the same tricksy jade. The publishers of an English "Rulers and Princes Abroad" would undoubtedly find it hard to verify information. When the war is over in the peaceful by-and-by, we shall doubtless learn how many Princes have really been killed.

## For Our Soldier Boys.

There are few things that our men at the front appreciate so much as Nestlé's condensed milk. Although it has for the last fifteen or sixteen years formed part of the Naval ration, it is not at present included in the Army ration. A special appeal for condensed milk, among other things, is made on behalf of the troops by the Military Forwarding Officer. Our soldiers know what is good, and they find Nestlé's not only most delicious, but also admirably rich in nourishing cream. A Scotch regiment offered an A.S.C. driver ten francs for a tin, but in vain. Anyone who sends out forty-eight large tins or ninety-six half-tins can be supplied through their grocer with an original strong export case to go through to any unit of the British Expeditionary Force. Give to the grocer full address of regimental number, rank, name, etc., and immediate despatch, carriage and packing free, is guaranteed. Thus is a welcome gift speeded on its way without cost or inconvenience to the giver.

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LADIES will be glad to hear that this year's Annual Exhibition and Sale of White Wear is to be held at the usual time, notwithstanding the War, for our orders for fine Hand-made Lingerie, placed months ago with the expert peasant workers of France and Ireland, have fortunately been delivered on time, and many exquisite examples of their wonderful needlework will be on view on **Monday Next and following days** at our Regent Street House—the prices in all cases being exceptionally moderate. Above are examples from the Underclothing Department.

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**The Regent Street House of Peter Robinson Ltd.**  
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A TIME FOR REAL BARGAINS : TAXIS AND TYRES : THE LICENSE QUESTION.

**Sold for a Song.** Not very long after the war broke out I ventured to express the opinion that the temporary lull in business afforded a golden opportunity to anyone who was optimistic enough to believe that hostilities would not be indefinitely prolonged or that the country was not threatened with red ruin. A certain number of people either locked up their cars, and dismissed their drivers or endeavoured to effect a sale by auction or by private treaty. The market in second-hand cars was considerably augmented accordingly, notwithstanding which fact a trade journal denied that there was any likelihood of exceptional bargains being obtainable, and asserted that matters would take their ordinary course. This contention is hardly borne out, however, by some figures which have been published as to a recent sale, at which several by no means obsolete cars, in good running condition, were sold at prices which were considerably below the cost of the bodies. As a matter of fact, there never was a better chance than now for a man to pick up a serviceable car at a low price, provided he requires a vehicle for utilitarian purposes alone, is not particular about the latest pattern, and is sufficiently expert to be able to tell the difference between a sound machine and a "dud" that would involve him in considerable expense.

**A Useful Index.** Models of recent date, of course, do not go for a mere song, and in this connection I may call attention to a very useful method of determining the value of current types of cars from the point of view of the man who proposes to buy, not a second-hand machine, but a brand-new car. He has only to analyse the long lists of second-hand vehicles which are advertised in the motoring weeklies, and will find therein an invaluable index to popularity by the fact of omission alone. In other words, if he has fixed his mind upon a reasonably well-known type, and sees that there is not a single one for sale at second-hand, he may safely conclude that cars of that species are giving too much satisfaction in the hands of their owners for them to have any desire to sell. A few weeks ago I bought a new car of well-established type, being mainly influenced in my choice by the fact that the pattern had become practically standard, having undergone little or no alteration for three seasons, and therefore promised the minimum of trouble. Purely out of curiosity, I looked down several lists of second-hand cars soon after I had acquired the vehicle, in order to see what was the average selling price of that particular type, but found that not a single one was on offer.

"Taxis" as Tyre Testers.

No ordinary motor-car covers so much mileage, or under such severe conditions of wear-and-tear, as the London taxi-cab. To what extent the manufacturers of touring-cars take steps to profit by the experiences thus gained upon the London streets I cannot say, but

the Dunlop Rubber Company appropriately call attention to their own observant methods as follows: "When next you take a taxi-cab in London you may possibly be assisting at a test of Dunlop tyres. Few people are aware that through the medium of one of our largest cab companies the Dunlop Rubber Company carries on, through every hour of the year, the most strenuous and exacting tests of their tyres. To 'try out' a new-pattern tread, or to discover merits or failings in new designs or improved manufacturing processes, no one could devise a more exhaustive type of trial. A taxi-cab is expected to go anywhere and do anything at any time and at any speed. You can hire one at Charing Cross and be driven to Brighton—or to John o' Groats, for that matter. Or, again, you may be overtaken in Leicester Square with the reflection that you have but five minutes left in which to catch the midnight train from Euston—solution, a taxi-cab! The more reckless the driver, the better the test. Dunlop experts will tell you with joy that the driver who travels with the near wheels rubbing the kerb furnishes them with excellent data as to the strength of their tyre-walls. The cab companies probably view the matter from a different standpoint!"



TWO BRITISH AIRMEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK: THE HEROES OF THE DÜSSELDORF AND FRIEDRICHSHAVEN RAIDS.

The officer on the left of the photograph is Flight-Commander Marix, D.S.O., the hero of the highly successful bomb-attack last October on the Zeppelin sheds at Düsseldorf. In the centre is Flight-Commander Briggs, D.S.O., who led the equally venturesome exploit at Friedrichshaven, on Lake Constance, where the Zeppelin air-ship factory and headquarters are, and by ill-luck had to come to ground, being made prisoner.

of driving - licenses without examination, and once more is the old story trotted out of a license having been issued to a blind man. The fact that he could not possibly have utilised the document, which was procured for him by a journalistic wag in order to make "copy," does not appear to have struck the would-be innovators as vitiating their contention.

As a matter of fact, the driving license was never intended to be aught else but a certificate of identity, under which the holder could be proceeded against if he infringed the law. Whether it is desirable or not for a driver to be examined before being allowed to drive is a separate subject in itself; but no amount of driving and technical skill will prevent a man from driving to the common danger if he be so inclined, nor has any evidence ever been adduced to show that any appreciable proportion of accidents has been due to incapacity.



NOVELIST, DRAMATIST, AND RED CROSS MEDICO AT THE FRONT: DR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AT AN AMBULANCE COLLECTING-STATION.

Dr. W. Somerset Maugham (the officer with side face to the reader standing next to the ambulance-car in the centre of the photograph) is doing yeoman work with the Army Medical Department at the front. He is a St. Thomas's Hospital man; Heidelberg University also had to do with his education, and his colloquial German comes in usefully now, when enemy wounded come to hand. Dr. Maugham, by the way, has written one of his dramatic works in German—"Schiffbrüchig," played at Berlin in 1902. Our readers scarcely need reminding that he is the author of "The Making of a Saint," "The Bishop's Apron," "The Explorer," "The Magician," "A Man of Honour," "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot," "Loaves and Fishes," "The Land of Promise," and other works for the library and the stage.—[Photograph by St. Stephen's Intelligence Bureau.]

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### ICILMA CREAM.

To have soft white hands, clear skin and attractive complexion all through the winter, use this fragrant and non-greasy toilet cream. From the first application it will begin to improve your appearance and this improvement will become more and more observed and admired as you use Icilma Cream *regularly*. No other toilet cream can do so much for you, because the Icilma Natural Water stimulates the skin to natural beauty. No other toilet cream is so wonderfully *economical*.

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## A NEW NOVEL.

"The Encounter." The "central figure . . . embodies an impression of his [Nietzsche's] piteous and splendid prototype." So says Miss Sedgwick (Arnold).

The pages which are to reveal the inwardness of his tragic-comic love affair, alert and attentive. The author has gathered a significant group for the drama. There are the straight young American girl, intellectually ambitious, a shade intense, but holding her intelligence like a lamp in the dark places where humour failed her, and her charming, wise little mother, both confirmed European pilgrims; there are also, accompanying the great philosopher, a cripple and a man of the world. The three represent a trinity of thought, diverging, overlapping, competing for Persis, the youthful American's, approval. Considering how unsatisfactory great figures are apt to become in fiction—almost not considering it—Ludwig Wehlitz is a piece of work for which there is only congratulation. Difficult—oh, difficult! As difficult as the letters of his European name to the average Saxon are the ways of such as he. And Miss Sedgwick reveals both philosophic and temperamental difficulties firmly and tenderly. Herr Sachs, the cripple, who loved him and loved Persis, stood to her for the kind, good earth where she might rest; Graf von Lüderstein, the third companion, was the world, glittering, provocative, pleasuring. It took all three of them to "form" Persis, and since each, after their fashion, loved her, they were at pains to do their work well. A fire cleansing and purifying, making chaff of those who fly before it, but steel of those strong to endure and rejoice in it, Ludwig's thought was thus presented to Persis by the loyal Sachs. He took that terrible doctrine of the strongest and made of it a Christlike thing. Ludwig's prose poem, magical and sinister, full of splendour and menace, charged with what he declared "my truth, secure, triumphant, bright, and terrible," we have a brilliant suggestion of it in Miss Sedgwick's story; and against his great work there is himself, so pitifully less great as to awake even in a Persis the flutter of maternal tenderness. "You have not had much to do with women, have you, Ludwig?" she smiled at him, disentangling lace from the cloak he had tugged over her shoulders. "With women? No," he replied; "I have spent little of my time in frivolities." And he gets off that Nietzschean sneer that woman's freedom, had he his will, would consist in moving

from the hearth to the cradle and back again. Mrs. Fennamy, Persis's mother, understood the symptom in her shrewd way. "I've always found that Germans think of their wives as pillows . . . soothing and restful, and always there to turn to when things go wrong." But "The Encounter" must be read. In our last glimpse of her, Mrs. Fennamy takes hot milk to a matured daughter compared with the one who composed the poplar poem at midnight in the first chapter; and nothing that came after can be imagined so pulsing with life as that wonderful growing time of her encounter with three remarkable men.

A new through service to the Riviera has been inaugurated this week in connection with the 12.30 p.m. boat-train from London. A sleeping-car train now runs direct from Calais, thus obviating the necessity of staying for a night in Paris. As the sleeping-car proceeds from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyon, the journey by cab across Paris is done away with.

These are the days of sales, and one that is certain to prove a great attraction is the Sale of White Goods which Messrs. Peter Robinson, Ltd., of Oxford Street, are to hold from Feb. 22 to March 6. There is a great variety of goods to be disposed of, both in garments and in household materials. The former include night-gowns, underclothing, children's dresses, baby-linen, blouses, corsets, lace, and embroideries. Among the household goods are bed-furnishings, table-cloths, and napkins, muslins, towels, and curtains. The prices of all the goods on sale show tempting reductions.

An interesting little war detail is that many officers and men at the front carry their own personal medicines. They are in the form of thin gelatine sheets (called "Lamels") divided into twenty-four squares, each containing an ordinary dose of the medicine with which the sheet is impregnated. When a dose is required, it is only necessary to cut or tear off one of the squares and swallow it. The makers and inventors of these very convenient sheets are Savory and Moore, London. A small letter-case, made for the purpose, holds twelve sheets, or 288 doses. Quite apart from portability, any danger arising from having glass bottles on your person when fighting is avoided.

In this week's Supplement the photograph of Miss Laurette Taylor is inadvertently stated to be by R. Malcolm Taylor. Both that and the other artistic portrait—of Miss Kyrle Bellew—are from photographs by R. Malcolm Arbuthnot.

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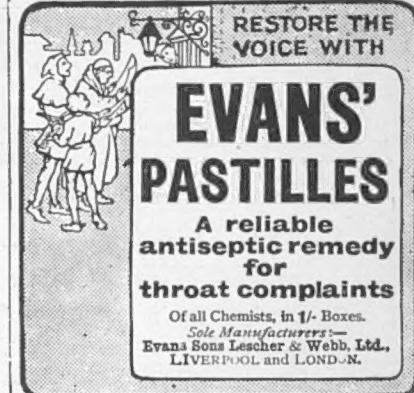
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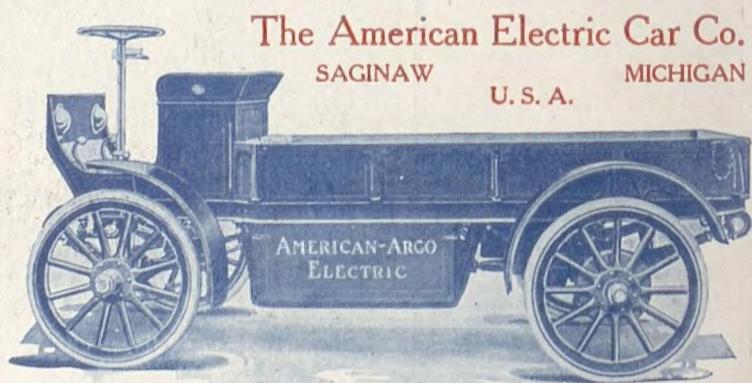


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